

THE HUNTSMAN'S ECHO.

The Platte Valley--The Home for Millions--and Highway to the Pacific.

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TO THE WEST.

To the West! to the West! to the land of the
free,

Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the
sea;

Where a man is a man, if he is willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the
soil;

Where children are blessings, and he who hath
most,

Has aid to his fortune, and riches to boast;
Where the young may exult, and the aged may
rest.

Away, far away, to the land of the west.

To the West! to the West! to the land of the
free,

Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the
sea;

Where the young may exult, and the aged may
rest.

Away, far away, to the land of the west.

To the West! to the West! where the rivers
that flow,

Run thousands of miles, sparkling out as they
go;

Where the green waving forests shall echo our
call,

As wide as old England and free to us all;
Where the prairies, like seas where the billows
have rolled.

Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old;
And the lakes are oceans in storms or in rest--
Away, far away, to the land of the west.

To the West! to the West, ac.

To the West! to the West! there is wealth to
be won;

A forest to clear is the work to be done;
We'll try it--we'll do it--and never despair,
While there's light in the sunshine, or life in
the air;

The bold independence that labor shall buy,
Shall strengthen our hearts, and forbid us to
sigh;

Away, far away, let us hope for the best,
For a home is a home, in the land of the West.

To the West! to the West, ac.

PARODY ON THE ABOVE

To the West! to the West, I once went, do you
see,

And one visit, I'm sure, was sufficient for me;
Oh, the things that I saw there, they frightened me
quite,

And ever since then, sir, I've scarcely been
right.

My children got sick every day, sir, almost,
And my wife took the chills, and got deaf as a
post;

Oh, there's some may exult, but for me, sir,
I'm blest'd

If I haven't as much as I want of the West.

To the West! to the West, ac.

To the West! to the West! where the rivers
that flow,

Are full of great big alligators you know;
Where the snakes in the forest make you feel
precious queer.

And you don't see a bar-room not twice in a
year.

And if 'cross the prairie you happen to go,
You're sure to be tossed by some wild buffalo;
Where the lakes are like children--they're
never at rest,

'Pon my word, sir, I soon had enough of the
West.

To the West! to the West, ac.

At the West they told me there was wealth to
be won,

I tried it--couldn't do it--gave up in despair,
And just see if you'll ever again catch me there.

The little snags I expected to buy,
I quickly discovered was just all in my eye;
I came back like a streak--you may go--but
I'm blest'd

If ever you'll catch me again at the West.

To the West! to the West, ac.

THE WEST.

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be--

She first roll wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The elements of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm,

And the chaos of a mighty world
Are moulding into form.

Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find,

The raw material of a State,
Its muscles and its mind.

A SUMMER PSALM.

BY G. W. BUNYAT.

I lean upon the silent ground,
Against the rising grass, to hear
Wings beat the golden air to sound
That rains like music on the ear.

The music of a million wings
Blends with the whispering leaves and
flowers,

And the soft bells of hidden things
Ring from the meadow's tiny towers.

Now languid Nature pants and swoons,
And fainting streamlets creep along;
But lo! the sun's bright trumpet sounds,
And coin the sunshine into song.

Grasshoppers dance and clap their palms,
Where gilded snakes uncoil and run--
And winged warblers sing their psalms,
At early morn and set of sun.

Sowing Wild Oats.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

"Our boy!" Yes, the first-born
over whom his father bent with such
rapture--because he was a boy--with
whom the grandparents were in trans-
port because the family would not
die out in the present generation; the
very child for whom Aunt Annis knit
that beautiful hood before he was born
and to whom uncle Jim gave that lit-
tle pair of red morocco shoes. For his
name--the same for whom the skillful
needle-woman had embroidered that
splendid flannel blanket--who used to
be taken out upon the sidewalk for his
daily airing--in fine, who altered the
whole aspect of his father's house--
this was the pet boy whom we are in-
troducing to your notice.

Well, it must be conceded "our
boy" was always a troublesome com-
fort. He early displayed some un-
governable propensities which caused
a frequent change of nurses. Then
when he grew large enough to attend
the "select school" in the neighbor-
hood, he was impetuous and restless,
and obliged to be dismissed on account
of waywardness. On further, in larger
schools, disobedient and reckless,
sportive and mischievous; fitted for
college by jerks, and no continuous
study; entering college only to be
rusticated; returned, only to run
away; shipped to sea; prayed for
and cried over by his doting mother,
and with the vain hope that after
sowing his wild oats he would return
and make a useful man--such being
the fond hope of his father. A few
months ago--"our boy" was married.

It always occasioned his parents
great anxiety that "Jimmy" never
grew taller. If there had been any
medical prescription which would have
remedied this omission of Nature
leaving her subject too soon, we
verily believe untold gold would have
been paid for it. But as it was Jimmy
was a dapper little fellow, and he
wore very tight pantaloons, and a high
hat, and huge heels to his boots, and
yet he was always branded as the
"little man." His mother looked on
him as a mere child, and would just
as soon have thought of little Bob, in
the nursery, being married as Jimmy.
But alas, she was not consulted in
this matter, for "Jimmy" was just
twenty-one, and he had fallen in love
and he was "deuced afraid" if he
postponed the affair he should lose
the chance.

He married a beauty, fresh from a
boarding school, whence she had eloped
with her lover, and fled from the
cruel treatment of her guardian uncle,
who insisted that a girl of sixteen had
better apply herself to study than
street piddling. And so they ran off
and got married, spent their money and
applied to the "old folks" for more. I
wish you could have seen them when
they returned after the honeymoon
had waned. How such a quantity of
silk could have been gathered into
such a slender waist the dressmaker
only could tell; how many flounces
were set upon the skirt, I did not
count; how its trailing length was
soiled by contact with mud, dust and
water, was easily told. Over her
shoulders was a piece of black velvet.
She carried a lace pocket handker-
chief, a great flaunting bow of ribbon
protruded from under her chin, and an
India scarf that her husband brought
from Calcutta was carelessly thrown
over her shoulders. It was a damp
day, but her feet were encased in light
gaiters with something for soles far
thinner than paper. Had she pledged
the quantity of gold that hung about
her person--in her ears, upon her
neck, attached to her watch and wrists
it might have paid their board half a
quarter, at the pawnbroker's price.

In this plight she was first intro-
duced to her new mama--and how she
did simper and try to act the grace-
ful, and put on affected airs, and now
and then quote "my husband," his
mother only can tell; and there stood
Jimmy beside her, with a great mus-
tache and cultivated whiskers, with a
cigar in a small aperture between two
bunches of hair, looking as manly as
"twenty-one" could be made to look,
and, as to his errand--he had come to
see what the old folks would be willing
to do for them.

The father returned home to en-
counter the first interview with his
prodigal son. Jimmy sat in the big
chair with his pipestem legs stretched
across one another. His wife sat be-
side him playing with a tangled mess
of jewelry. Jimmy recognized his
father rather coolly, and introduced
him to Netty "my wife." Conversa-

tion soon flagged--the father felt irri-
tated, but "our boy" was determined
to live it down. By and by came the
question--"Well, my son, what do
you intend to do with yourself?"

"That remains for you to say," was
the reply. "I've caught a bird, and
now I want a cage, and I'll tell you
what I will do. If you'll hire me a
handsome house and furnish it fash-
ionably, and stock the larder, why, I
I shouldn't mind taking a situation--
provided a handsome salary was of-
fered. A fellow must live in these
days; he wants enough to pay his
assessments at the club house, to take
a friend to operas, wash down an oys-
ter stew with a bottle of champagne,
and when he don't feel like working
he ought to have a chance to loaf--
Now, old gentleman, if you'll come to
my terms, I'll give up, speaking, and
when I want a regular blow out, hang
me I'll take it at home. But Netty
must be taken in and done for, at any
rate."

How the father survived such an
interview, whether he felt it was a
kind of retributive justice which fol-
lowed upon excessive indulgence,
whether he criminated the mother of
"our boy" who used to help her son
to deceive the old gentleman, and to
conceal from him his early misde-
mors, and whether the mother herself
had any painful misgivings that a
prompt and decided obedience to pa-
rental commands was resisted and
palliated we are not informed; but
Jimmy made tracks to Australia,
leaving Netty with her guardian, who
insisted upon a separation, and actu-
ally entered a suit, claiming a legal
divorce, upon the ground that both
parties were demented. And here is
the last intelligence from "our boy."

"DEAR PARENTS:--Here I am in a
distant country with no means of sup-
port, a shattered constitution, a mind
ill at ease, and a prey to all sorts of
diseases. I have had the yellow fe-
ver, cramps, cholera, malignant dysen-
tery, and for aught I know, the
plague. I often think of your full ta-
ble and my inability to procure bread
enough to satisfy my hunger. If I
have gone astray I ask you if the
responsibility is all my own? Now, to
those who so early winked at my vi-
ces, I appeal for deliverance. I sup-
pose I'm penitent; I want to get back
broad enough, and am willing to lay
aside my character as 'a swell.' If
you will send a remittance by Capt.
Riley I will take passage home at
once. I shan't trouble myself about
that little wife I married--if her guar-
dian claims her he may have her--
she was only a fashionable coquette.
The funds to return are all I ask, with-
out further pledging myself to do as
well as I can. Your Jimmy."

Poor parents, how I pitied you
when I read the above letter. I knew
your agony and keen remorse which
were so unavailing. I knew you
would send the remittance, and I have
had proof to-day you did so; for I
met a most cadaverous looking young
man, the very personification of a
prodigal son, and I thought he had
"sowed his wild oats," and was reap-
ing such a harvest that unless his na-
tive climate, and gentle nursing, and
reformed habits produced a change,
that "our boy" would not be long
numbered with the living. I trust he
will, and yet live to teach parents the
absolute necessity of themselves be-
ing rational, and inculcating the same
principles in their children.

An Instance of Druse Cruelty.

A correspondent of the London News
writes: "To give you some idea of
the Druses are. I will enu-
merate a few instances of their frightful
barbarity, all of which I have heard
from the unfortunate sufferers them-
selves, now refugees from Lebanon:

One poor woman--I knew both her
husband and herself well at Deir-el-
Kamar, where they were wealthy peo-
ple--told me that when the Druses
attacked the town the second time (I
should mention that it had surren-
dered, and all the inhabitants had given
up their arms some twenty-four days
previously to the Druses, and had been
promised protection by their Sultans),
her husband was hacked to pieces be-
fore her eyes by the large knives of
the Druses, who then declared that
they must kill all male children in the
house. The mother tried to hide her
two sons--one to the other 9 years
old. The Druses, however, found
them out, and as she begged and pray-
ed for their lives, and endeavored to
cover them in a corner with her per-
son, the Druses hacked at the lady
over her shoulder, and gashed them
all they both dropped down appar-
ently lifeless. The Druses then made
off, and the woman, thinking her two
sons dead, remained in a sort of stu-
por for two hours--so far as she can
calculate. At last she was roused
by hearing the eldest lad call her in a
faint voice, trying to assure her that he
was not yet dead. On this she felt
the body of the youngest